

60 *THE CASTAWAYS OF
THE FLAG*

"Traitors all," Fritz added; "all of them who stood in with him."

"Well, they shall pay for their treachery some day!" John Block declared.

"Did you hear anything,, bos'un?" Fritz asked suddenly, listening intently.

"No; that sound is only the ripples along the shore. There is nothing to worry about, so far, and although the night is as dark as the bottom of the 'hold I've got good eyes."

"Well, don't shut them for a moment, Block; let us be prepared for anything."

"The hawser is ready to be cast off," the boatswain answered. "If need be, we shall only have to seize the oars, and with one shove with the boat-hook Til guarantee to drive the boat a good twenty yards from the rocks."

More than once, however, during the night, Fritz and the boatswain were set on the alert. They thought they could hear a crawling sound upon the sandy shore.

Deep silence reigned. The breeze had died away; the sea had fallen to a calm. A slight surf breaking at the foot of the rocks was all that could be heard. A few birds, a very few, gulls and seamews flying in from the sea, sought their crannies in the cliffs.

Nothing disturbed the first night
passed upon
the shore,

Next morning all were astir at
daybreak, and